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"And in the sacred chair of stone, 6
The base Ne-gaveloc shalt thou see, 7
Receive the name, the power, the throne,
That once was dear as life to thee :
"Arise! for on his native plains,
His father's warriors marshal'd round,
O'Donnell freed from Saxon chains,
Shall soon the signal trumpet sound :
"And soon, thy sacred cause to aid,
The brave O'Cahan, at thy call, 8
Shall brandish high the flaming blade,
That fill'd the grasp of Cuie-na-Gall:
"Resume thy name, in arms arise,
Tear from thy breast the Saxon star,
And let the coming midnight skies,
Be crimson'd with thy fires of war!
"And bid around the echoing land,
The war-horn raise thy vassal powers,
And once again the BLOODY HAND, 9
Wave on Duiggannon's royal towers!"
Tyrone, Sept. Z.X.

NOTES.

- 1 "Bend to the tale of Thomond's shame."
In the reign of Henry the eighth, the palace of Cluan-Road, near Ennis, in the county of Clare, the magnificent mansion of the chief of the O'Briens was burned to the ground by those of his own blood, in revenge for his having accepted of the comparatively degrading title of Earl of Thomond.
- 2 "Ardmira's fetter'd prince reclines."
O'Dogherty of Ardmir, who was seized and thrown into prison by the lord deputy Fitzwilliam.
- 3 "While PMaoile for her chieftain calls."
O'Toole of PMaoile, father to the wife of O'Nial, also imprisoned by Fitzwilliam.
- 4 "Once was thy friend Mac Mahon Roe!"
Hugh Roe Mac Mahon, chief of Monaghan, who was tried before Fitzwilliam, by a jury of common soldiers, and butchered at his castle door.
- 5 "Clos'd o'er the young O'Donnell's head."
O'Donnell son of the chief of Tyrconnel, who was decoyed on board a vessel and carried prisoner to Dublin, where he was detained from his fourteenth until his twentieth year, when he made a desperate effort to escape, and succeeded.
- 6 "And in the sacred chair of stone."
The chair of stone on which the chiefs of the O'Nials were solemnly invested with the power and titles of chief of Tir-owen, and paramount prince of Ulster.
- 7 "The base Ne-gaveloc shalt thou see."
Hugh O'Nial illegitimate son of John, formerly chief of Tyrone, surnamed Ne-gaveloc, or the fettered, from his having been born during the captivity of his mother.
- 8 "The brave O'Cahan at thy call."
O Cahan of Cinachta descended from the famous Cuie-na-gall, who was celebrated for his exploits against the English.
- 9 "And once again the bloody hand."
The bloody hand is the crest of the name of O'Nial.

HYMNS OF CHARITY.

HYMN IV.

IN this fair globe, with ocean bound,
And with yon starry concave crown'd,
In earth below, in Heav'n above,
How clear reveal'd that God is Love.
I seem to hear th' angelic voice,
Which bless'd the work, and bade rejoice;

It vibrates still from ev'ry part,
And echoes through my grateful heart.
In God all creatures live and move,
"Motes in the sun-beam of his love;"
Vast Nature quickens in his sight,
Existence feels, and new delight.
Thro' glad creation's ample range,
Roll on the wheels of ceaseless change;
The Phoenix renovates his breath,
Nor dreads destruction e'en in death.
From ashes of this world, sublime,
Beyond the flight of thought or time,
On wings of Faith and Hope he soars,
And "Truth in Love," eternally adores.

HYMN V.

ALL Nature feels attractive pow'r,
A strong embracing force:
The drops that sparkle in the show'r,
The planets in their course.
Thus, in the universe of mind,
Is felt the law of love;
The charity both strong and kind,
For all that live and move.

In this fine sympathetic chain,
All creatures bear a part,
Their every pleasure, ev'ry pain,
Link'd to the feeling heart.
More perfect bond, the Christian plan
Attaches soul to soul;
Our neighbour is the suffering man,
Though at the farthest pole.

To earth below, from heav'n above,
The faith in Christ profess'd,
More clear reveals, that God is love,
And whom he loves is blest.
Lo! how the sun, at glorious dawn,
The whole horizon fills,
When, all the starry host withdrawn,
He mounts the eastern hills!

HYMN VI.

THE heav'n of heav'ns cannot contain
The Universal Lord;
Yet he, in humble hearts, will deign
To dwell, and be ador'd.
Where'er ascends the sacrifice
Of fervent praise and pray'r:
Or on the earth, or in the skies,
The heav'n of God is there.
His presence, there, is spread abroad,
Where angels have not flown;
Who seek the mercies of their God
Are always near his throne.

C. H.

INSCRIPTION.

WRITTEN AT CORBY CASTLE, CUMBERLAND,
THE ROMANTIC SEAT OF H. HOWARD, ESQ.
READER if rocks, woods, waters, lawns,
and meads,
Or ought of nature's captivating dress,

If warbling hymns in the Creator's praise,
 Pour'd all around from many a balmy
 brake,
 Thy mind can charm, thrice welcome
 to these shades,
 Where peace and mild content for ever
 dwell!
 And while the wearied limbs at rest are
 laid
 By some sequester'd minstrel-haunted
 bow'r,
 Bethink thee as the Eden foams along,
 Majestic down his deep and rugged bed,
 So pass thy days, but never to return.
 Now if the lofty pine attract thine eye,
 'Twill lead thy thoughts to heav'n. In
 musing mood,
 The wide-stretch'd mountain, the proud
 oak-crown'd rock,
 The wood of many hues, the far-heard
 stream,
 The sportive flocks that graze the vel-
 vet lawn,
 Nay ev'n the grassy turf o'er which
 we tread,
 Green habitation of the insect world,
 Each speaks in silent eloquence of God.

P perchance, in quest of rural nook
 thou stray'st,
 A stranger to these much-lov'd scenes:
 then know,
 The virtuous owner of this blest abode,
 By justice, charity, and boundless love,
 Gives lustre never-fading to the spot.
 If in thy bosom beats a patriot's heart,
 Indignant at the threats and murd'rous
 deeds
 Of him, thy happy country's high-
 swoll'n foe,
 Here Howard * bails thee welcome to
 his seat!
 But if cold apathy enslave thy mind,
 And thou of England's weal regardless
 roam;
 Or feel not for thy brethren, Afric's
 sons,
 By Britons torn from kindred, friends,
 and home,
 Exil'd for ever, for thy luxuries;
 Weak votary to pleasure, pride or
 power,
 Hence, laugh with folly in the noisy
 town!

* This gentleman was one of the first who raised a Volunteer Corps in England, which he now commands.

Belfast.

A.

TO MARIA.

"Sweetest innocence illumed her bashful eyes,
 And on her polished brow, sat young simplicity."

DEAR Maria! why so pensive,
 Why indulge the frequent sigh,

Maiden sweet and inoffensive,
 Whence the tear that dims thine eye?
 Say Maria!

Brightest eye! in kind confession,
 Speak....O grant my fond request;
 Sparkling beams of sweet expression!
 Tell me what afflicts thy breast,
 Dear Maria.

Pouting lips, where loves and graces,
 Dimpling dwell in am'rous play,
 Why should woes usurp their places,
 Whence the secret sigh, O say!
 Sweet Maria.

Pretty bosom! yonder lily,
 Is not half so sweet to me:
 Breathe thy sorrows to thy W.....
 W.....'s heart is full of thee,
 Dear Maria.

Swell'd with grief, that heart shall never,
 All its love and truth resign.
 Fate may bid us part for ever,
 Yet my mind....my soul is thine!
 Dear Maria.

Haply....all our sorrows over,
 In the realms of peace at last,
 Thou shalt greet thy faithful lover,
 Port of bliss! for tempests past,
 Sweet Maria.

O then damsel inoffensive,
 Cloud no more thy sparkling eye;
 Cease to sigh....nor look so pensive,
 Welcome hope and tranquil joy,
 Dear Maria.

Sept. 20th, 1808.

W.

ON MAJOR TROTTER,

WRITTEN SHORTLY AFTER HIS DEATH,
 BY A LADY.

OH! how much I'd love the worth to
 tell,
 Of him, who bravely fought....lamented
 fell!
 But ah! my lays could ill reveal,
 What those who knew him best, can feel.
 The tears of friendship long will flow,
 Many a heart will throb with woe;
 For all must sigh....that one so brave,
 Should find in early life a grave;
 Yet weeping still, his friends will say,
 Although his life has pass'd away,
 The never dying voice of fame
 Will love to dwell upon his name;
 And glory's laurels ever bloom,
 Around the Hero's sacred tomb.
 King's, Dublin.